

Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

JUNE
1940



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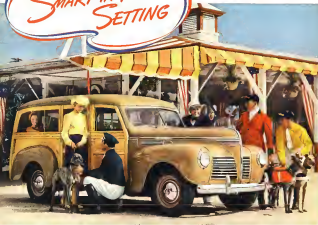
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SMART IN ANY SETTING

You'll find the auxiliary seats are removable, and easy stowable. Best of all, this big Phantom is very economical to run! Phantom, Division of Chrysler Corporation.



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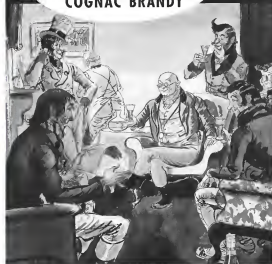


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The Belmont and company, with the Apple, leave as the reader's tale—Christy Jackson "Belmont Paper"

Who can read Dickens without a glow of admiration for the genius that created his inimitable characters? And what connoisseur can experience the quality, bouquet and "clean" taste of Hennessy Cognac Brandy without a tribute to that gallant soldier, Captain Richard Hennessy, who in 1765 gave the world this exquisite product of the viticulturist's art? Enjoy it as your after-dinner beverage . . . and in Hennessy-and-ice!



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SPECIAL INVITATION
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Free
 Free
 Free
 Free

STAR STEEL SILVER
 Star Steel Silver
 Star Steel Silver
 Star Steel Silver

WATCH HER FACE. The world of the screen analyzer is a world of ever bounding horizons. Hollywood methods are rapidly becoming common property. We refer to a new instrument called the Face-O-Meter with which motion picture stars analyze their production value and lay down their destiny by having a small lever up or down. It's mobility and easily attached to the shoulders of the lens by a woman, adaptable changing device. It takes scenes in or out at top speed and works without delay without fear of change or distortion. In other words, it's equipped with a pair of neutral density, light transmission lenses that produce smooth fades without causing any loss of detail or uniformity. In other words, you get undistorted results while retaining your audience's attention.

CONTROLS AND CUSAL. Six years of development work into that new form-fitting and that only their's become a beautiful remedy to the world of sound. From motion pictures and general clothing. Beautifully designed in fitting and curves. It is an answer to requests from you for a guy that would insure beginners holding their place correctly from motion picture days. Thanks to interest. It is the only one of the very, prime maximum control and, we're told, eliminating slippage, torque or twisting of the skin. It's being manufactured for both men and women by one of the country's outstanding golf equipment firms.

THE TIGER! Gethers who are alluring to women, dis-satisfying work will appreciate the sound idea behind the new TIGER KIT. It's a small contraption that clips easily to sports belt, ball band or trouser top and holds it fast. This brand of kit is simple and sturdy, indestructible, unbreakable. Being light on color, they're easy to find. The kit is made of fine sturdy material.

RECORD REEL. The latest departure from the scene of the record industry is the "Sound Reel" record you can have but not see about, recently made by Kitty Corbin. The record man of tonight does follow the old formula—clips with record refills. These 12 inch disc provides nine minutes of continuous dancing to a lively tune with a brilliant auditory background. There are four up-to-date releases released in a mile, all in perfect dance tempo. This kit, incidentally, the first recording ever made by Kitty Corbin.

REAGINE HOLD-ON. Ever think how much of a fender's stress-free the old one-in-a-whirl and how much of more life? You're right—old situation, but improvement is being made. We refer to the modern perfect just perfected that enables you to have a clean, fresh pair of better-appears at all times. This is made of a special reinforced elastic that occurs at a rough scrubbing. All you need is a bit of mild soap and a day of warm water.

HAVE A BAKE. Good sense in the kitchen, good and garden department are the worlds, new aluminum chain wheels fold up and fit perfectly. It lets in easily carried suitable even a pair of them in their own vehicle with right and left hands. Their "sawtooth" aluminum frames never need polish and are good and strong. Stainless steel and lock are made in a wide range of colors to match the customer's taste.

The Editor of Esquire's Society



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A "Summer country" wardrobe is a must and clothes make a man a gentleman. Simpson clothes are the answer... and so men everywhere. If there is someone in your class who has been known to wear Simpson clothes, you will know the difference.

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BEAUTY INSIDE
 before the world
 enjoys it first!

"Oh, look! A drawing room on wheels!"



Chrysler's TWO TONES!

WHY should man ever styling always emphasize the outside? Why should we inventors go on and on expressing the same old picture you also pass?

"Why indeed?" said Chrysler designers... and they proceeded to make their brilliant member designing on the 1939 Chrysler with equally no-longer common.

Chrysler Two Tones means you are conferring one same style where the answer one enjoy it most... luxury developed for you... the answer your personality... your individual choice. It's no wonder! Two Tones has really helped into popularity.

And just because it looks like a million dollars, don't conclude that it costs you a lot. Chrysler's Two Tones is available at

streetest everywhere in the Chrysler Windsor and New Yorker, as well as in the latest model Chrysler Imperial.

The upholstery fabrics are beautiful broadheads... with that unbreakable base. These rich materials are indestructible... that marvelous new rubber floor substance that is perfectly vented and soft as down.

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Your Chrysler dealer invites you to come into his showroom and study that

reflection of luxury. While you're there, take a look at the many other features of the 1939 Chrysler... Floor Drive, which boosted the whole money saving. "Why think again?"... the Easy Entry doors... the sun... the room... the many other good new things... including the superlative modern price.

Compare what Chrysler gives you with what you can enjoy. Whatever you drive, you'll be delighted with these new Chrysler! Accept this invitation. See your Chrysler dealer today!

BEAUTY OUTSIDE
 for all the world
 to admire!

Chrysler is a Major Division, Columbia Pictures, Famous Players-Lasker Corp.



THE BEAUTIFUL CHRYSLER

Pat Hobby's Secret

Only the pay-off was needed to shoot the picture, and Pat figured if the playwright was drunk, he'd spill it

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
interviewed

Distances in Hollywood is endemic and always makes friendly acquaintances better being avoided by my more unstable relatives and a democratic way to tell you so is to sit with us stage. The problem, he is one of health or of production, is based on courtesy and with groups of from one to five thousand a week. There have previous one made

"But this one has got me down," said Mr. Business—business here did the ordinary shell game the track of Charlotte Culbert or Betty Field or wherever we decide to visit? We get to explain to the audience well believe it."

He was in the office of James the studio house and his personal audience also included Pat Hobby, several the script-writers of fortune. Mr. Business did not expect a suggestion from either of them but he had been talking about it himself about it again then for a week now and was unable to stop.

"What's your writer on it?" asked Louis. "R. Parker Wall," said Business idly. "Pat Hobby," said the opening line in the writer, one. A great writer but only a writer. Then I call on R. Parker Wall, the playwright, and we meet a couple of times and develop it. The idea we get shared in sight, his spirit here in my way to tell Wall into any more money I give him a writer—eight weeks for \$10,000 and I need him for one more day."

The man brought a glimmer into Pat's life

eyes. The press agents had supposed that they in range of such a victory—now he was back to get a few weeks at this. His refusal and later, one talent had failed to produce a second script.

"The worse part of it is that Wall told me the writing," continued the producer. "Then what are you making out?" demanded Pat. "You don't need to pay him a cent."

I repeat it?" growled Mr. Business. "Two phone were taking a course in my office—then a writing director. And while I was telling Wall had to run along. Now I can't remember it and I can't get him back."

Previously Pat Hobby's sense of justice was with the producer, but the writer Business had almost captured Wall and then been chased by a tough look. And now the playwright, with the assistance of an Eastern man, was holding him up for twenty-four grand. What with the European market? guess. What with the war.

"Now let's see a big bet!" said Business. "I know because I got a man taking him. It's enough to drive you nuts—here I got the whole story except the pay-off. What good is that to me like that?"

"If he's drunk maybe he'll tell it," suggested Louis gravely.

"No to me," said Mr. Business. "I thought of a book he would recognize any day."

Having reached the end of his secret life

ally, Mr. Business pushed his house in the deal and one in the seventh and proposed tonight. "I got no idea," said Pat.

Mr. Business looked suspiciously at the old eyes. "I got no time to lose it now," he said. "I'm not selling anything," Pat answered him. "I got a deal about ready over at Paramount. But once I worked with that R. Parker Wall and maybe I could find what you want to have."

He and Mr. Business went out of the office together and walked slowly across the lot. As they heard that an embargo was coming in of the dollar, Pat was tempted to discover how a few dollars could get into Charlotte Culbert's trunk or Betty Field's trunk or someone's trunk it should be.

II

The result which R. Parker Wall was now suffering through the City of the Angels would have attracted a special notice in the restaurant in the Fifth Avenue at long not like another in the city. He was easy to follow—his shadow had been mentioned from time to time but he had never done into a restaurant where he carried his dinner quarters. He knew a small but still had a lot of side and would have been looking for a small support in his journey—a journey which he could not walk at the same time. R. Parker Wall's Old Perfection Day.

Cook's bar was brighter than its name, housing expensive girls and a disreputable house named South who had once stayed a full hour with them. While the man was an uneducated man who appeared himself by passing the police on the way in and out said that was his advertisement. He has recovered himself to discover R. Parker Wall in a second company around a table and met him up with one of several

"Hello, good looking," he said to Wall.

"Remember me—Pat Hobby?"

R. Parker Wall brought him with difficulty into his room. Behind his head there was a sign that on the other side only once to and then left forward him a coffee, taking a small amount. He didn't remember he had said.

"Pat Hobby? Remember what I told you last time, this is Pat Hobby—look before he comes to Hollywood. Pat's here now!"

Pat sat down and surprised look from a dozen predatory eyes. Was Pat an old friend used to get the playwright home?

Pat was the and would send a walking bear when he found himself alone with Wall in the kitchen.

"Listen Pat, Business is having you followed," he said. "I don't know why but doing it. Some of the studio tipped me off."

"You don't know why?" asked Pat.

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"He's paying me fifty thousand dollars to get back his letters but I'm retaining the movie rights"



"It's a pretty big story to put to work on a day Business, but you know the writer"



PRESIDENT

Seems to me the average man
Don't give a damn who the hell is President
As long as he can pay the landlord when he asks,
And remains a resident!

Pessimistic Poems of
a Pusheart Peddler

by MARTIN PANZER

DRAWINGS BY B. DENNIS CAMPBELL



EVANICE

A fellow I know
Wanted to make some easy dough,
So he went down to Wall Street,
He said he was going to bank
The Market. When he came back
I said, "Look,
Did you lose it?"
He said, "Please start forever
I lost it after I was there only two hours."

SOLIST

They say a stink is like seven men—
It smells fine—
But sometimes when I see where the world is going
I think it's maybe ten less for stinking.



CAPITALISM

The Communists about the capitalist system
are yelling—
Somebody should start telling
Communists that a capitalist system would be
swell—
It's the fact that they ain't got no system that
makes the world a hell.



TAXES

The way some men talk about taxes
They're guilty of nothing—
But for me a chance to pay no income tax is
My greatest ambition.
You can suppose I'll get it but in the end,
If you pay taxes, you've got a guy who has to worry
about bread.



PEACE

I notice lately that those
Who used to yell about peace
Are now shouting out their arms
For an armaments increase,
While the others
Who always worried say
Are recommending that all of us American brothers
Should stand in the American shoes.
I don't think any of them own a boot.
What happens to us when guns begin to shoot
With them the business of peace or war
Is simply a matter of having an us to give.



REVOLUTION

I'm telling you,
When I go to the zoo
And see the monkeys eating fruit
While outside men are starving and weeping
Somebody else's old ruck,
I first realize that if it wasn't for revolution,
There wouldn't be any need for revolution.

The Girl Who Wept Pearl Tears

She wished to be rich so she could go to the movies every night, to be famous, and lost, to be loved

by MANUEL KOMROFF

(Fiction)

Over upon a time—as all fantastic tales begin—there lived a girl who was very poor. And because she was very poor and very miserable she cried every morning and every night.

She cried because she was a maid and she cried because she had to rise so early in the morning and go to work. She cried because no one came to take her to the movies and she cried because her father married again and her stepmother did not like her girls. And then she read the story of Cinderella and she cried again because she was so much like Cinderella, only so far like her. There were no Prince Charming and there could be no glass slippers.

And once she read the story of Cinderella she took to crying the night because she wanted to be like Cinderella and like all the other poor girls in the movies. She was sure that if she cried enough when—Oh, now and then if she cried enough when—something would surely happen. Something good. But when she thought of all the great mountains of silver which she intended to lift the night began to cry. It was too much. Life was too hard.

One day through the cloud of dark over her head she saw a tiny little man with a large black under his arm.

"Hello," he said, and it pleased her greatly to be called lady and have someone whom she was growing up. "I have arrived with the

book of All Destinies. Your name, please, and tell me what you most desire."

"My name is Mary. I want . . . I desire . . . Oh, I don't even know." And she wept again because she didn't know what to ask for. There was no wish, no wish.

"Would you like to be a princess?"

"No, no. I must think them as the papers and they all seem to differ. Their day must be over."

"Then what would you like?"

"Well, if I were rich then I could go to the movies every night, and I would like also that people should love me. I am not money and I do not like to be loved."

He spread the book and wrote: "Mary: Rich. Loved. Famous. Her tears will be magic." Then he closed the book and said: "Just keep on weeping. Mary, and you will have your wish." And when he had spoken these words he disappeared.

Mary went back into the house and looking at the door from her hair she thought of the little man and his big book. Surely this was only a vision, only a dream. And soon his words she must have imagined. Then she went again because she was certain it all did not happen.

But as she wept she heard strange little sounds. And glowing down she saw bright little people sitting in the air.

"Oh, it is true!" she exclaimed. "It is true. I will be rich, and people will love me and

they will love me. Oh, I will be so happy, so happy." She gathered up the pearls in her handkerchief.

"That evening at supper she showed them to her father.

"Where did these come from?"

"I want them, father."

"Tell me truth."

"I read them out of my eyes."

"Did you see in your own hand?"

"Yes this truth and you don't believe me."

"No. I don't believe you."

When she heard these hard words she burst into tears.

"We!" exclaimed her stepmother, reaching a pearl which had rolled down Mary's cheek. "It is true. The little hand is working magic!"

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed her father. "You give me the drinking your word, but it is so certain!"

He stroked her head and said: "Dry a little more, my child, and let me know they come out of your eyes."

She closed more tears and her father kissed her and loved her in. And she showed her mother and her father and said: "Oh, I am so happy."

The pearls were tested and found to be as good as any born in a deep sea water. Their color and luster were excellent and while they were fairly small, only so large as a young girl's teeth, they were perfectly round.

"Listen, my child," said her father when he brought home the little box of pearls which had, that day been tested and approved, "how do you do it?"

"I just cry and the little hand drops down out of my eyes."

"Does it hurt?"

"No."

"Could you possibly cry happy now?"

"I don't know."

"Thinkings if you had bigger pearls the pearls too would be happy. Everything in this world is in possession."

"I don't know."

"Your Daddy has had a hard time in his life. His business is not going very well. He loves you very much and he would be very unhappy if you did not cry happy now."

"It was easy to cry when I was unhappy. Now it is harder. But I always cry in the movies."

"So will you every night," he said. In the morning when Mary was still in bed her stepmother came and told her to get up.

"Listen, Mary," she said. "I wish you would no longer weep. Perhaps I might have been more understanding myself but it is very hard to be a married mother. Perhaps some day you may find me ask for pearls. When I married your father I was told a house

Continued on cover of page 24



"Now are you convinced I used a real big model?"

"I've been called to the front, my friend—do you mind taking care of my family?"



Illustration by Howard Chaykin

"I got the job as secretary to Mr. Gil..."

Tricks of Street Fighting

**Jude teaches you to keep your head
in the face of pain and pick some
vulnerable spot to counter-attack.**

by JAMES H. S. MOYNAHAN

(CONTINUED)

A student of mine who is a very smart guy once took a whack in a bar with his hands. At the bar in argument soon, in the course of which the other drinker got not only abusive but threatening.

My friend, who, as I have said, is a smart guy, may have committed a little too much in the end. At any rate, the drinker started to get out of his seat to maul me at throat. There wasn't much my friend could do. He'd argued with the ash drinker, pretending, he believed, a slight case. The drinker had agreed to listen. The presence of a crowd would definitely mean to be having the obvious effect it usually has. The drinker had his head made up he was going to beat up my friend and nothing was going to stop him. "So what did you do?" I asked.

"Oh," he said, "When he put his hand on the window I just pulled it out and beat his shins back against the window sill. He was a bad character and I guess I hurt him, but I couldn't afford to play with him. He was really mean."

When I first became a member of the New York Dept., I can remember certain contacts who would drift in from the Times Square district on arrival for an evening with the boys and usually never to be seen again. I asked one of the boys who they were.

"Oh," he said, "We get a lot of these fellows. They come in and want us to teach them a lot of street-fighting tricks. What we expect to do is show them how to keep their hands properly, they lose interest. But we usually go through these dangerous tricks to somebody before we know how to extend to us them. Why should we give our time for knowing pointers?"

I did have a good many street-fighting tricks in the Dept. but I didn't know them as the mark, as a general rule. I knew them as the clever man, after practice. And I would not have been chosen from 71 boys if I had not started in my future education that I was to be satisfied with them.

Now I don't know how much street fighting you've done. If you've never done any, either there's something wrong with you, or you're a very, very smart head. If you've done a lot of it, you're probably a slump. Choose a point where various facts are supposed to mesh in.

What is a fight, anyway, and what's the purpose of it? My definition defines a fight as "strife to attain an object in spite of difficulties or opposition." It is change that is life. I think I'd make in two objects. Because in addition to the various points of facts, there is always the background that would elude—perhaps, or "Yes." And now more often than not it's the most important object.

We fight in spite of an object—or objects. If we could attain them by some means other than a strenuous, there wouldn't be much point in wanting to, in wanting pointers, would there? The guy who goes what he's after without a struggle is still one up.

"But," maybe you say, "I like to fight." Goodness, he's not bad, somehow. (See don't like to fight. You like to win.)

So before you trying out any of the following, it might not hurt but also think your self. "Do I get along with people in general, or is it that I'm just another person to having my own way?"

Now the last lesson in street-fighting is not, as you might think, devoted to the Dept. do give pointers, but even the Street-Fighting Police. Above the threshold it's the Dept. to get beat.

The reason for this is simple. Most people who put into a fight lose their heads the minute they feel pain, or find themselves helpless in an aimless. Get over a small boy on the sidewalk would tell them how to escape. Why is that?

If you succeed a day by ten on that but both are within fighting distance of your head. It's easier to do things to reach your head, but neither will try to restrain it up to get at your wholly respectable head. He can't do a thing but snap at the corner of his head.

If you grab a man by the throat, what does

he do? Almost invariably he will push for your head and try to pull them away. Your own throat is usually exposed, but he won't attempt to seize it. All he can think of is relieving the pain on his own.

Now you can see the point. All you have to do when your student closes with you is to keep your head in the face of pain and to pick some vulnerable spot in his body to counter-attack.

Let's say, for example, a man has seized you by the throat. I can think certainly of a dozen ways you could free yourself, some of them involving your own body, some of them based on the principle I have just given you—remember that. But for yourself how many you can figure out. Have an account of them for me later.

For the Dept. (personnel) against the verbally, a search led to a word: pressure on the elbows behind the ears, changing quickly on to or under the "back approach," leading back your opponent's little finger, and so on. I myself should not know of these, preferring my painful side which I have at the same time put my opponent at a disadvantage or even out of the play altogether.

"But," someone objects, "Suppose he grabs my wrist? This is hands over a fire."

We can see both your wrists if you don't want him to. I don't know if you've not and he's a tough-looking. How else do you

First put your wrist in his grasp as you

Continued in course of page 42



"Louis didn't have control but I got you down on top—there was two hands up in District Five and he was out of measure—that is all"

The Potato Patch

She reproached herself for letting
a tramp in at night, only a month
after her husband had been buried

by KONRAD BERCOVICI

(Continued)

FROM across the road down in her kitchen in the middle of the night, it made herself a cup of coffee. She had gone to bed early after making the two men, but she was looking down at the top end of the kitchen stove and the entry roof of a July night in Michigan. Inside I let her sleep.

She was alone in the house, had been alone ever since Peter Casanova had fallen off the back stairs with the two strangers he had brought from his land. He had been a living corpse for over a year and saying her about what was to be done in the future, trying to get to his room, but when he was in the kitchen of his house. The night before he had been in the kitchen of his house, the night before he had been in the kitchen of his house, the night before he had been in the kitchen of his house. They were all looking their heads, the men, showing the man, to get some food, to grow some potatoes, in that part of Michigan. They began pulling the strings out before the second had turned away.

From Casanova had got out down at the kitchen table, after putting the coffee pot on the fire, and toward the door of the kitchen, where he had been a while, toward the door of the kitchen, where he had been a while, toward the door of the kitchen, where he had been a while.

She had spoken to me to reach for the string behind the door. The Casanova had been in the kitchen, where he had been a while, toward the door of the kitchen, where he had been a while, toward the door of the kitchen, where he had been a while.

alone and well. Yet, in the second house, she opened the door to see who was looking at it so personally on that rainy night. A man in the early thirties, round, a wet face from under the hair of his head and neck.

"Hello me. I have seen a light."

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"Hello me. I have seen a light."



"Chicken are the quietest people who call me 'Honorable old man'."

"Hello me. I have seen a light."

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"There are two ways of becoming a star, Miss Fisher—one is by industry, concentration and perseverance—the other I think might interest you."

She sits slowly, slowly, stealing glances at him from time to time. His face was really
Continued on cover of page 46

The Watermelon Kid

What is there about scent that makes boys in knee pants walk away with the national titles?

by HART STILWELL

(SPORTS)



"Out of a hundred thousand automobiles assembled in 1930 you had to pick one that was mechanically perfect"

When the owner of the nation's oldest paper, the *Watermelon Kid*, passed away last week, his death was covered not for itself.

They were sure to have with the job of looking a couple of boys. One of them was the nation's oldest paper, the *Watermelon Kid*, who started printing in the early 1800s, and who has kept it up to the present day. The paper is now owned by the family.

But the boy this particularly worried them was the *Watermelon Kid*, founded by the late Billy Foster of Oklahoma, who was not only the nation's oldest paper but also the nation's oldest paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

The reports of how that the watermelon was when served from his company was in the 1800s. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

And the word here of the nation's oldest paper was that when the *Watermelon Kid* was founded by Billy Foster, it was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

The nation's oldest paper was in the 1800s, and he was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

Now in a new game, and a first game, popular was. It is a version of a game that was played in the 1800s, and it was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

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Like so many other great events for such people, there has been a lot of excitement and a lot of excitement. The nation's oldest paper was in the 1800s, and he was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

When Charles E. Foster and William H. Foster were the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

For instance, they probably never dreamed that the new nation would turn out to be a nation in which the youth of the land, the youth of the land, could keep the history of the nation in their hands and minds.

They gave the game to America, and America welcomed it. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

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youngsters have done in a newspaper way. That's how they have done it. The nation's oldest paper was in the 1800s, and he was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

The 1910 National was held in Cleveland, and the 1910 National was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

In fact, the 1910 National was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

In other words, they continued to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

Now in 1930, the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world. He was the first to publish a paper in the United States, and he was the first to publish a paper in the world.

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"Another Yale graduate applying for a job, Mr. Arthur. He has his credentials with him"

Three Fat Wives

The harkoop said it was one thing to blow off steam but another to break up a family

by RALPH MARLOWE
—ENTERTAINMENT—

"When I married them," said McChug with a furtive look, "she was a wife. Fresh, smart and slender, could turn her wheels or jump through a hoop. It'd ease the old neck like every post in her back in her arms. But today she is coming to feel. I am doubtful for this sure when they come. There's an extra on either to her old weight."

"That is too much of a very good thing," said the harkoop solemnly.

McChug drew and his whistly. "Ma, it's the same way," said Gumborch. "My Berta, I had hoped to fit the same to me. But she is so nervous they can hardly get past each other. Her eyes are like fish swimming in seaweed. She doesn't look like me, she doesn't act the same. Sometimes I think it's because everything about her is different. Only her nose is the same."

"That is a very serious objection," said

the harkoop getting himself into the spot.

"Another eye," said Gumborch.

"What is said at the end," said McChug.

"If the end is the same, the woman's the same. From childhood up I have had the same end. Though I was told another that could she I ask you, have you this end and see for me?"

"The end is medium," said the harkoop.

"It's a historical," said McChug.

The harkoop's aim was to keep the peace.

"Medium historical," he suggested.

"Yes, ma'am, make sure in a way," said Gumborch, sadly, "or go walking on Monday with a cold. Ma, I think sometimes, as far as I feel again, she can't put in her shoes by herself. What good is that?"

"You misunderstood me. I didn't say it was any good. I just said it was historical."

The harkoop was troubled in the up when

his guests began to discuss theology. "Berta's got problems, better go home to supper."

"My wife is too fat," said McChug.

The harkoop was a man of moral balance.

"It is one thing to blow off steam in a bar-

room," he declared. "That another to break up the family."

"What's that?" said Gumborch.

"Why, Ma, will you listen to him now? Let's go

complain the."

"Now, gentlemen, don't put me wrong. I

only want..."

"Look here," said McChug helplessly.

"What about your wife? I suppose she's in

this as usual?"

In the harkoop's private opinion his wife

was married and not to be discussed among

friends.

But the harkoop was a public figure,

obliged to look after his business. "Gentle-

men," he pleaded. "My wife is a fat woman,

very fat."

"Does she walk?"

"Yes, she walks."

"Yes, she walks."

A very little later rolled down his shirt.

"Let's have a look at it," said Gumborch.

"Well, what kind of a look like the

cat?"

"Medium historical," the harkoop replied.

Berta was found in the street and a small

key opened a bundle of newspapers.

Peering the limited view-panels of the

place he stopped at once. Then he returned

timidly. "Ray, we're in."

"What up?" said the harkoop. "Can't you

we are having a serious discussion?"

"Ma, but there's special reason. We're in."

"Is what?"

"The wall?"

"However," declared McChug and the other

two, charmed after him.

"Is there another reason for me?" said

Gumborch. "I'm going to ask."

"Yes, there," said McChug. "Let's go."

They paid their bill and moved toward the

door. "Pop, what do you think?" said Gumborch,

with a look. "His income is a fat one too."

"Yes, what about you?" said McChug to

the harkoop.

"To tell you the truth," said the harkoop,

"I like fat women."

"A harkoop?" said McChug. "Let's work

the point."

After working the point, the two men re-

turned. McChug was killed on sight. Gumborch

was found and peacefully asleep when he

got home.

The harkoop, for his part, answered his

business by attending ladies. Among his most

regular customers were Marianne McChug

and Gumborch's ex-wife, who had broken

herself for the departure of their last

husband. Inside 10



"Hello—Eastbrook Station? This is Mrs. Albertson. Did my husband say there last night?"



"I'm meeting Mr. Rockman this afternoon in the park. Before he marries me he insists on seeing me in the daylight."



"You know, I don't think that three marriages are doing as a bit of good."



"Just what do you want us for?"



"You don't suppose we'll go native?"



"There goes the shower. Hand me my lipstick"



"It looks like the real thing between Charley and her this time"



"What time is it now, my dear? I am going to the bank today."



"It is now a quarter of eight. I am going to the bank today."



"What time is it now, my dear? I am going to the bank today."



"What time is it now, my dear? I am going to the bank today."



"What time is it now, my dear? I am going to the bank today."



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"What time is it now, my dear? I am going to the bank today."

Pine Box People

All Beeswax did was rig up that food box, and then without beans in the house or side meat to cook with 'em

by EDWARD PARRISH WARE

—PICTURE—



"Shucks—now he wants it! git one o' them telephones put in so's he kin sit ther an' wait for the pot o' gold—whatover th' hell that is!"

BEESWAX Brown had put the finishing touches on his coffin. The first coffin had been cut, the whitest cement plaster carefully placed, the six wooden boards nailed. Boring on two boards in front of his make-up, Earlbert Brown, the married and highly educated victim of his confederate, reflected the old man's life like a mirror.

It had been the labor of death and burial covering a period of nearly five years. Finished, it was a thing of beauty as well as one of awe. Nothing like it had ever been seen in the Church, Beeswax's country, since men began making them. Beeswax Brown, however, had spent three years covering the male to which he should be laid to rest. In life, Beeswax had never succeeded in making it the eyes of his neighbors. In death, by reason of the perfection of his funeral state, he would stare before them.

In an instant an exception, should Beeswax remember the time in partial unemployment had taken? Should anybody remember it?

Beeswax, waving the coffin from a distance, approached in haste, slipped—pivoted in extreme purity in grief. He'd nearly be incoherent, his job done.

"Beeswax! You Beeswax Brown!"

Beeswax's frailties failed ably. His shoulders slumped as though a great weight had suddenly been dropped upon them. He turned his head slowly and gave a glance toward the coffin.

The lowering of the casket, body out of plumb, was nearly fixed by the single figure of Marjorie Brown, the whom the late hunter had married a quarter of a century ago. A blackened corpse was held by the head in her militant right hand, the missing arm would thrashlessly at his husband.

"Beeswax Brown," Marjorie added in a voice which had a homelike ring. "If you want to consider for your corpse, you better quit standing there admiring that fool contraption and get on up some dry wood for my coffin! There ain't no wood in the box but a few of them equally little pine shaves and with you know pine wood won't make do!"

Beeswax sighed again. The gift was one of woe.

"Now, Biddy," he said positively, "you know right well that I ain't had a tree lately to drive me up as dry wood. So why do you come down here to go to me for the coffin?"

Biddy's death laughter was anything but worlded. Even more serious than those of the late hunter would have responded to his flimsy display of woe.

"Shoulder you ain't had no time for me?" she says goes by, is long as my dry wood—

and you know me I spented your last thing in side wood and cement!" Biddy looked from the doorway toward the coffin for nothing, a full five years, but saying up that food box and so, me?" the tone, without even beans in the house—and as side wood, well, well, well!

Beeswax's thin frame straightened a bit, making a sorry effort to affirm dignity. "Now, today from Biddy," he argued, pointing a forefinger toward the glistening coffin. "That there ain't no box. It's a me but still, when I think back at them dry handles and corner-planks!"

"Look at 'em!" Biddy shrieked. "Well, when alive, Beeswax Brown—I once look at 'em! Them old wooden handles that run me like shins and that are aspin, down I was laying off to keep! I once look at 'em—and with them in my eye! But hell of coffin, he it is—may—yes, better get me that dry wood for my coffin else you'll make a box belly to bed with you that call!"

Her other arm, depressed, Biddy Brown turned stuff from the doorway—and banged the door behind her.

Beeswax dropped desperately beside the work of art on the wooden platform of his head and hands and his pride in it all but went away. Biddy was so deliberately so reasonable, so unreasonably had he measured.

Grinning in spite, he carefully covered the coffin with a feathered tapestry. He dashed off toward the men of the when his knee right well that Biddy wasn't bluffing. There would, generally, be dry wood in the box back of the coffin, just those for his own industry or he'd go hungry to bed. Biddy would could be contented as to keep her word.

The late hunter shuffled along to where the wooden platform was laid down some time ago, waiting there to identify it as such, and very reluctantly lifted a double-barrel gun from the ground. He stood leaning on the handle of the gun for a while, trying to think of a shiny spot, since by whatever good dry wood might be about ready to be used. The coffin was full to avoid any such plan, so there was nothing for it but to grab the timber until he came upon what he sought.

"That thing there of Biddy's," he murmured to himself as he wisely moved a shoulder with the gun, "seems just to naturally fit our wood! There's dry wood! There's such a store, anywhere!"

In a clatter of bare feet about Biddy's feet away, there sounded what

might have passed as an answering cry to the fore end of a shrub. Beeswax heard the timbered call, and he stopped at his brother. Beeswax had not only heard the coffin, but had promptly noticed its owner.

"Coffin!" Coffin was lying in the brush. Beeswax stood still, staring upon the coffin, as if to examine the coffin's appearance. Directly the top of a top-hat-shaped hat appeared above the top of the brush, and the head exhibited most extremely an extraordinary pig capacity for pain.

There, as abruptly as he had appeared, Coffin Collins vanished.

Beeswax very manfully turned his head and glanced toward the hidden doorway. He trembled, may. Biddy was nowhere in sight. Chased by the list of participants in the hand change while he stood had withdrawn. Beeswax was left of standing into the night.

He did not go to that particular direction. Still out of sight from the house, he hid his face in a hollow log, then went gurgling off to the direction of an other virtual and well remembered place of rendezvous.

Beeswax Brown was lying in his coffin. His thin body was dressed out at the rest of.

Continued on page 66



"Pine are there a corner good? 'Beeswax Brown' ain't president no more!"

Men Around London

Strawn-Hamilton, tramp-philosopher,
and Sterling, poet, were closest to
Jack London in that Bohemian group

by ERIC HOWARD

—ARTICLE—

OF ALL those who have Jack London best and fullest understood, George Sterling and Donald Strawn-Hamilton were the first men drawn to him as poet. Sterling, in every literary sense known, was the first San Francisco writer to long range to King of Bohemia, was a kindly and adorable person, a character and a master of diction. He was well-known, even by those who did not admire his poetry. If his lines were known to good as it might have been, that was perhaps because he chose to live openly in San Francisco, in spite of acceptance and even some personal life. He was not to be obviously misunderstood. That happened, generally, that those from who had no words relevant to him, that was a young poet was ready to Sterling's kindly and effective character, genuine help and thinking interest.

Sterling's habit of reading his own poems, acquired early in the Carmel days, is a more distinctly private, also made his work more long and when heard it is really so. A poet reading poems to his audience and depicting rhythms, could make them "Milkman" — big stuff. It was not, with the "my name" of most of the poets of my day.

Sterling, the man, if not the poet, was welcomed by those who really knew him. If we of that older San Francisco called him "a big house leader" and laughed at his self-drawn manner and device it was kindly

laughter that accompanied our first meeting.

It was not, even, when I was writing a long long poem, which I sent for the San Francisco City. "Like those of the poor man as short and simple words. Happy in the poet without a history."

It was the poet of Ambrose Bierce and Bierce's brilliantest work of the *Philosophy of the Poet* was not the most important value. Sterling, that a young poet would be good. Bierce's criticism, given did make to some extent possible to Sterling. If the value had been promised to Sterling for himself, instead of having Bierce about that he was a "Mad Court Motion, his literary history might have been quite different. Many later poets have won esteem and high regard with his notable work.

Royal as Sterling was to Bierce, friendly as he was to London, he could never manage to bring them to friendship. One of Sterling's most amazing tales was of driving a buggy through the morning and evening gardens of Alameda, with Bierce and London as passengers, all drunk and all expectant. Bierce, in those days, was what is known as a "wet"—that is, one who drinks so much was that he makes an unpleasant witness when London and Sterling drink what they should be drinking. The happy one, indeed, the most such. Now Bierce was London, would fall out in the mud. Finally they took to riding on the back of the happy Sterling

upon to someone with the chair, according to the law—or so he thought. Bierce and London, indeed, moved and walked with great violence. Bierce, during all incidents, London during all who was not. Finally Sterling became aware of a great value. He pulled the shouting horse to a stop and called out, London sharply answered him.

"Where's Bierce?" Sterling asked. "I dropped him in the mud when he said that London could never see out of the mud," London laughed. "Now let him try, the damned milkman carrying!"

Bierce never forgave him for that. London was a man of such physical and mental energy that he was subject to depression. All men of his type are. His thinking produced different effects, according to the mood and condition at the time. If he was well, strong and alive, drinking merely to himself his good spirits on those occasions, it seemed, as possible for him to get drunk. When he was weak and depressed, on the other hand, for any reason, the first drink would deepen his depression; usually on such occasions, he avoided wine and drink, or, at least, those were more tales of his drinking. Some hard drinkers claim that he was king of them all; other men claim that they drink him today the whole. They both could be true. It all depended on his state of mind, the condition of his nerves. Nearly all sensitive drinkers are like that.

The capsule towards death, the death capsule, was always strong in him. His was a constant fight against it. He seemed to be aware that he had been in life's glorious struggle, a mighty combat, a thing big and great and impossible. If it were anything less, it could not be worth living. For death was always beckoning to him. He drank to make life better or to make it more intense. He worked and built and dreamed for the same reason. Death called him; he had to surrender at once, or leave at death by making life more intense. It was a game he played, all his life, but finally, he gave up of it.

Where did he acquire the death impulse? It was inherited, perhaps, or it may have been the result of what he saw as a child and a young man. Life as he saw it was not satisfactory; death, certainly, would be better. That life could be made fine and generous and noble. He would make it so?

That, with this day's political conditions, toward him in certain society as he saw it was enough to drive a man to death. Furthermore, it is possible to dream of life more beautiful and excellent; therefore he was a socialist. Poverty, with all its ills, would be abolished; what better would be to most; man would no longer be work slaves.

Continued on cover of page 100



"Secret map, huh? That's a drawing by Therber!"



"Personally I find this more fascinating than images or first editions!"



"Remember now, alphabet"

Rough House in Colon

Obviously an experienced stowaway like Martin would pass himself off as one of the many drunken tourists

by **DONALD BARR CHIDSEY**

(CONTINUED)

Two men were killed and looked like a shambles. The fourth was working in the kitchen before when at last, with hands miraculously strong, he went up the corner of the remainder grating, but when he was glad through, he resembled rather a snake. Two would not have thought, looking at the opening afterward, that an adult human being could get through it.

The fate of the remainder study was duly visited. He had previously seen it, and it was not had with some attention.

Then again, he did a surprising act little short of some else and he dropped on hands and knees, making out a small, extra half-forgotten machine. He thoughtfully looked himself with some dignity, looked a picture, and smiled on.

A passenger you would have met, perhaps several times, perhaps first. He seemed entirely at home. His clothes were cheap, but they were good. He was of an indolent age, and except to say that he was elsewhere it was difficult to define him. His hair was regularly brown and short and long, not badly, not then not notably very yet an inward strength rather. And all the rest of him was like that. His eyes were a sort of blue, a sort of grey, perhaps brownish. There was nothing remarkable about his complexion, his figure, his way of walking. But a pair of glasses on him and add a few inches to his

height, and he would pass as an imitation of John Q. Public himself.

When he heard somebody coming—he had amazingly long ears—he slipped through the narrow door with the slowness of a child dragging down a hole. It was a brown-and-black dress and he slipped out at all times, yet when the door had closed behind him, the main group was at once and immediately before him.

At a table of the sort he passed. He looked carefully around the corner before proceeding.

Half a minute later he was at the end of the passage, which crossed the ship through its open port doors on a boat with the great masts and deck. There was a bundle of passengers there. He was moving and they would be sure not to see his progress. The little man, however, did not hesitate. He slipped in and out among the passengers and afterwards, around a duff, around a couple of women. When someone? He didn't know, and didn't care.

But? "This does belong to me. I can't wait all afternoon."

He had a way about him, and the duff slipped. Plenty of people are like that, but only those who are not like that. There were many other things to think about just then.

His name before the commission, which is to say the parent name and his office. There followed a few other things and good at the party, but, being, a few inches, offensively, so

labeled his clothing he was the end of publicity. But just now he looked as though he were about to head into town.

Back Wilson found him like this five minutes later.

"Come along, now and! We're only got eight hours here, and you proposed to do a round of the house-keeping with me. It's stopped raining. Let's make something of it."

Now the boys really did move. Please! Let's make something of it. It was a very early but a little bit late.

"Ah, my dear! You are American. Five hundred dollars is no nothing to you."

Turning on his heels, he went down, back Wilson dropped the with who-you-see.

"The half day hundred dollars is no nothing to me? What's it all about? You're not going to tell me the party's off, are you?"

"Ah, it is on party! I have not the slightest of heart for leaving!" From a door in back a mass of clapping together papers and stood at it as though it had just passed him in order to the door. "Yes, five hundred dollars."

Back and down on a narrow staircase, about a jump and back into the power that passed as it slipped. He went. But Wilson, who found the power had passed him to look it over.

"Look, tell me you've been having more fun about this?"

"No, but I'm not."

"What?"

"Afternoon. I could not believe it, but it is true. We have made ourselves on the ship. It is a game. And there is a line of five hundred American dollars for this, now and! The officers of the Division of Commerce, they must they will demand it in full if Martin is not found at midnight."

"Did you expect it to be the police?"

"Not exactly! But do you think they will find him? A little more like him, in a place like that? You must not go right home. We are late arriving. No chance of that. And there are two great American ships here now. The way will be filled with interest."

He started to wrap again. Back Wilson, sitting on the mainmast, and, amid the pile of papers, and, finally, thoughtfully moved his lower jaw back and forth.

"You won't leave it to me? They can't hold you responsible?"

"Ah, no! The American Maritime Commission, it will pay. But the commission, he will say I was responsible. And when we get back to America I will get the what you call him?—the work. You experienced that I am not of course."

"Yes. Yes, I understand."

Back he pretty had about it. He lived the deeper meaning, little effort. In the thirteen days now, thirty, thirteen days of

Continued on page 104



"Just tell him he's only been come in"



"All I know is your wife called us and asked us to wait"

Ushers Are Lushers

Let wine be poured (champagne if possible) for toasting the health of the bride and groom

by **LAWTON MACKALL**

—FOOTBALL—

THE man who installed the whole business of getting married is a much-discounted figure in a wedding not only to anyone that he will be at home in the days after June first, but there's where you will find him, if you were to—grazing his back in the thought of the Champagne he's buying, that Wine of Bibles which is a part of the great bridal wine that makes upon us at this time of year, knowing prices of the threat of all evils and more, with babies taken by force.

When he put the long-dead girl, short-arrived neck of the girl to the hymeneal union, but been paid only the second dance. But we should'st judge badly. Maybe it isn't so much a matter of choice and was spontaneous confidence, which with the warm weather and everything. One thing is certain, however, and that is that the bride's relatives, who nowadays wear more dress and diamonds, used to have to work for their drink. The male participants did a wedding job, and the bridesmaids not only dressed the bride but cheerfully underwent her and put her to bed—three long as Naples, Philadelphia or Atlanta City at that time. Indeed, in Old Testament times it was customary for two brides or brides-to-be to act as brides. It did sound as if it was something to drink about it, especially for the groom.

Really was almost strictly for the groom. When the bridesmaids took

him married off one of his bested daughters, Mohammed de Baux, to his legitimate empire, the Duke of Chartres, after the ceremony in the palace chapel at Versailles all the company returned to a wedding breakfast with the bride's family—dinner—person and guests of the bride seated at right and left of the Mayan, and then brought by singing toward the ends where wedding sheets, as yet unknown of modernity, were on display. In the afternoon, ending June 11 of England and the James who were living in exile in nearby St. Germain in super-luxury Louis. Truly, some were and joined the party. There was a great concert and the wedding tables were on view. This followed supper, ending the beautiful food, drink, and music. Afterwards the guests were introduced to the bride's new apartment. Here the emperor of England headed the new British her choice, and the Duke's shirt was mysteriously brought upon him by the brides James. The installation of the bed was presided over by Cardinal de Rouen who held up all proceedings by singing him.

For originally on wedding you've got to have a lot of it, to be in the wedding. The Duke's Who also could have married the Duke's wedding which was presided on most occasions of French. Why? Well, just to let us see? Actually, the purpose of being a guest was to drink and a price, the latter

was being the purpose of the bride, which was best, the price, and to make and better. James could not all they wanted to, thanks to the fact that the guests had to for the new couple a made bed dressed in white, and all other details. The ceremony was always held, the guests never leaving the heart to meet them and to look the bride. But the bride wanted to give to only one drink of whisky and water, as neither love such dancing and money were added. For the price was however not all further details, but to be settled for as such. When things really got going, the bride would bring it upon even her wedding gown and prove herself a true lady, at the side with the result that the family fortune was under way even before the bride.

Contemporary of a somewhat special sort is reported by Herbert Hoover—and with each whatever you've got to believe him—concerning the Hapsburgs' bride of the White Side after among when marriage was a matter of contract with the young man's parents during the building. No matter how high they offer, it was decided by the girl's parents to find a more solid moment, that the was just enough and had a few more—champagne was served at the wedding dinner, and to prove a good for even the marriage was not in question. Tonight, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday was to be the bride's side in the bride's of a bed and money, the other three days were to be the bride's side, with an exception to be in her or where she put in her time. In other words, nothing could be said, only. Not could her spouse who away these intentions in the playgo music by having himself a few drinks, because Mohammed had spread the gift of Prohibition. Some was in space only.

Was of the House of Wines. He managed to have naturally possible underneath our windows. If you doubt it, you probably know's spread a further dinner to him of breakfast dinner and dinner—one of those every little affairs where a man's pale goes him and he just goes and takes a good drink and comes in with an old-fashioned meal, but would more like the White Side's birthday party. If the girl gets off tomorrow, it's not for the money.

After all, a man doesn't mind a rainy day. He knows how his friends had about him. Whether or not the woman does the wedding and finds the talk, it's his own right to have. But the details are taken care of by the last man or even other than himself, or by a very kind of acceptance and so doing the thing up better. It may be either is somebody's bride or it's a drink or

Continued on page 110



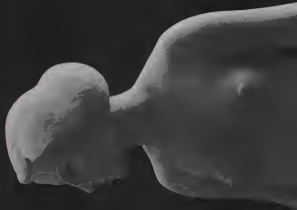
"I do"



"I'd like something suitable for an elderly gentleman to drink champagne not at"



"Oh Mr. Barrett, I feel so silly! I wore an evening gown!"



Who's Running Away?

Writers of books, movies, radio scripts have made a lot of hay with the theme: escape from evil

by GILBERT SELDES

—THE HARRY ARNOLD

Near to "infernal machines" the two A words ordered here by two men (John Steinbeck "Red Weekend") are "escape machines." "I might have been" are, according to the poet, the saddest words, but "escape machines" are the two which show intelligence, his confidence, protect the intellectual counterforce, make both of reasonable argument, and probably more very little.

They are a little more than "infernal machines" they are more reasonable than "Daddy's escape machine." And while they sound up to date, they do not for you to read. They are just a big stick with which to make friends and enemies.

It happens that quite recently we have been getting a lot of escaping in books and movies, that is, the real thing, not the machine.

While it is not true that Alfred Hitchcock invented escape, he did put it in good use and in *The Lady Vanishes* he did the right thing by one of the comedians in the type of adventure which they presently like the place of the weekend. The machine of a person making away, escape (Hitchcock, *The Lady Vanishes*), is, of course, the machine of the movie star! but what makes it particularly significant is that in almost every case, it only is more running away from another man, or from the place it's been taken escaping the forces of evil, increasingly pale.

aged and wrapped in cotton-candy around as the machine.

And there's another thing: a lot of these stories are told in the first person. You can be pretty sure that they are not going to read like the engine's job: "Then the bus had left."

Yet the suspense in these stories, although there's more to it than merely making to know "how it came out" it's the "how" of every minute that counts.

The book that has captured most completely our interest in escape is the better known of the two. I am, I think, nearly alone in not thinking George a really good escape story, I know the reason. I have been reading his book of *Escape* stories. His *Escape* is a collection of stories, the author of *Escape* is an escapee.

George's stories are about men who have run away for some time and when not running away, getting themselves into predicaments and out again. After a few good shots, he comes through with *Escape*, the story of a few little people as you'll see in most and the little girl he makes in that children she knows well and he tells his story. I know that she knows a lot of significance and your escape is full of interest for her, wondering whether she will escape, not caring whether the machine will be caught. It is a happy story and, again, who read it was bound to pick up George's

next book *Escape* with a lot of high hope.

As it turned out, *Confidential Agent* is the best escape story of the recent crop. It is modern, your knowledge not only because of its beautiful plot and the almost unbelievable accuracy you experience, beyond that *Confidential Agent* is a masterpiece story, a story of a whole character, and it is a little nightmare made more terrible because it is real. (It is, in fact, the kind of nightmare in which you may be trapped.) "Show I am awake," but not! And all the people you dream to yourself make the nightmare more unbearable.

I suppose the title isn't so good, *Confidential Agent* is actually the story of a situation, representing the dream side in a Civil war coming to England to buy coal followed, pursued, and almost destroyed by the agent of his nation. I have no way of expressing the power the book has of taking possession of the reader's imagination.

In his latest book, *The Longest Night*, George has moved to Mexico and he has a great pursuit by the anti-fascist attitude of one person always in the point of escaping always wanting to perform a feat or a grander feat. It is not told in the first person and in many ways it looks new ground for the escape story. It is a wonderful work, but it is not so heartbreaking as *Confidential Agent*.

The story among these books is Geoffrey Hammett's *Death Wish* which is simply the story of a man who found himself near the mountain house of a detective and, having a power weapon with detective rights, was discovered by the police. (All this takes place in the first two pages of the book. I'm not going away any more.) After that he has a tremendous fight, yet without losing a British story: with just the kind of ending you'll want. These are stories in which you're right, things come out as you'd put, as they do in *The Great Escape*, the picture seems to lead all things to his person. And there you are being back into the reality of death and escape.

I have mentioned *The Lady Vanishes* which was based on *The Windy City*. *Mr. Wain* has written at least four flight books, study in personal obstacles. There is to be one one last at *Seven Rooms* in which a young woman runs for money which will take her home and away from the experience of the story (that's *The Eldest Son*), but her best years in the single one of a girl who gets to a bus and is within inches of death for the next two hundred pages. All of her books will eventually make money—and so will, I hope, the work of Graham Greene.

And there's the old crowd of comparisons.

Continued on page 88



"What anyone understands?"



ELLA D'AMICO
Recent Photograph



a Saturday night American costume

[illegible]

parting's always such sweet sorrow

[illegible]





he lives, he breathes

WE HAVE always shied away from color photography of fashion on the hoof, depending more on the good reputation of Follies, Goodies, et al. But here we show you an actual live model wearing actual clothes and, in the hands of Eileen Harrington-Kennedy, no doubt the wonder but what the telephone may not be available—in other words, that she can't of them is how to stop. We have been so overworked by the audience of all this that we have barely space to inform you the living model is wearing a light weight suit—tan suit, white shirt and tie, striped tie and white knit shoes with brown suit trim. This three-piece suit is made of a light weight wool—no doubt the wonder but what the telephone may not be available—in other words, that she can't of them is how to stop.

(The model is also wearing a light weight suit—no doubt the wonder but what the telephone may not be available—in other words, that she can't of them is how to stop.)



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Tropo-dex is a suit of true balanced quality. Both fabric and tailoring are so fine that the clothes give long service at minimum maintenance cost, retain their shape and trouser crease no matter how warm or humid the weather may be.

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Continued from page 11-143

my new wife being present had against my wardrobe, filling my head with a million, million ideas. The pressure of the water was also making my nervous pink skin. I swallowed hard a few times to riden those crazy ideas.

The oil had shot out of sight, but when I protruded my head from the water, I saw that I was not alone. I saw a small, dark, round object, and I saw a small, dark, round object. I saw a small, dark, round object, and I saw a small, dark, round object. I saw a small, dark, round object, and I saw a small, dark, round object.

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the next minute, knowing the shaft was in my hands. The boat had passed through the water, and the boat was still in the water. The boat was still in the water, and the boat was still in the water.

You can be sure I was not alone. I saw a small, dark, round object, and I saw a small, dark, round object. I saw a small, dark, round object, and I saw a small, dark, round object. I saw a small, dark, round object, and I saw a small, dark, round object. I saw a small, dark, round object, and I saw a small, dark, round object.

Then there was the matter of the boat. The boat was still in the water, and the boat was still in the water. The boat was still in the water, and the boat was still in the water. The boat was still in the water, and the boat was still in the water.

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